THE

CENSORIAD:

A

POEM.

Written Originally by MARTIN GULLIVER.

Illustrated with sundry Curious Annotations of divers Learned Commentators, *Scholiasts* and *Critics*.

——Fælicia tempora, quæ te
Moribus opponunt! ——JUV.

——Thou Vermin wretched,
As e'er in measel'd Pork was hatched!
Thou Tail of Worship, that dost grow
On Rump of Justice, as of Cow!

HUDIBRAS.

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THE
Commentator's PROEME
Unto the Courteous Reader.

THIS delectable Piece of Poeſie having mainly and marvelouſly ſuffer'd, through the Precipitation of ſundry Tranſcribers and Copyiſts heretofore; we deemed it meet (and in ſome ſort it behoveth us) to reſtore it to its priſtine Garb: partly by comparing together the ſeveral Copies, and adhereing unto ſuch thereof as liked us moſt; partly on the Verity of others; and finally on our own Experience, manyfold Obſervations, and profound Penetration.

And in good ſooth to compyle this Commentarie, much Labour and Oyle hath been expended; albeit great Pleaſance hath it miniſtred unto us, inaſmuch as it hath enabled us to bring into Light this Piece in its primal Purity, and eke to teſtifie unto the Publique our unwearied Indeavour for the Entertainment thereof, unto the Preponderancy of whoſe Judgment, we ſubject the Fruits of our Toyle and Erudition:

Age, benigne Lector, his noſtris conatibus fave.

Vale & fruere.

THE CENSORIAD.

SHou'd the old Cenſor of Imperial *Rome*
Raiſe his tremendous Preſence from the *Tomb*,
How would he glow with juſt indignant Rage,
How wou'd he pity and deteſt that Age,
Where Ideots dictate, and Buffoons turn ſage!
O thou! to whom theſe Verſes I direct,
Whom *Folly* can't *ſecure*, nor Wit *protect*;

ANNOTATIONS.

Cenſoriad. So *Iliad*, *Æneid*, *Dunciad*, &c. but let the Reader be ſatisfy'd, that it ſignifies no more than a Song on the *Cenſor*, which Word naturally produces a Note. Certain it is, that the generality of Mankind are ever fond of filling thoſe Offices, for which Nature hath render'd them moſt unfit.

Optat Ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.
Hor.

Our Hero being elected to the *Cenſorſhip*, remindeth me of ſome *Germans*, who allowed an Aſs to be beſt qualified to diſtinguiſh the Harmony of Sounds, becauſe it had the longeſt Ears. Whence the Epidemic Fondneſs of our Kingdom for Muſic may rationally be accounted for.—*Nam auriculas Aſini quis non habet?* Heinſius.

Ver. 5—Where Ideots. Alludes to this of *Juvenal*,

——Quoties aliquid de moribus audent,
Qui Curios ſimulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt.

Too bulky grown to paſs unnotic'd by,
~~And yet too dull to rally and reply:~~
How wou'd that *Cato weep*, nay, *ſmile* to view
Dictators ape'd by Animals like You?
Who dare confirm new Offices and Laws,
At once the Scourge and Scandal of thy Cauſe;

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 8. Too bulky——*Similiter Horatius*:
——*Epicuri de grege Porcum.*

Ver. 10. How would that *Cato* weep. Some *Criticks* contend, this and the following Lines ſhould be read *in hunc modum*;

How wou'd that *Cato* weep, nay ſmile to ſee
Dictators ape'd by Animals like *Thee*?

Either I think may ſerve; but here give me leave to animadvert on the Ignorance of a certain Scholiaſt, who affirmeth, that *Weep* and *Smile*, applied ſo cloſely to the ſame Perſon, imply a Contradiction in Terms: but well we may imagine this *Critick* never knew there was ſuch a Figure in *Rhetorick* as *Epanorthoſis*; or that *Weep* might refer to the *Abuſe* of the *Office*, and *Smile* to the *Buffoonry* of the Perſon, ignorant at the ſame time of that beautiful Expreſſion in *Homer*.

——Δακρυοον γελασασα. Il. 2.
She mingled with a Smile a tender Tear.
POPE.

Ver. 12. Who dare confirm——The Reverend *Hero* of our *Poem*, was not only the Inſtitutor of the Cenſorſhip, but the firſt that, through a conſciouſneſs of his own ſuperior Worth and Abilities, embrac'd the honourable Office himſelf, and by his indefatigable Induſtry, hath paved a Path, worthy to be trodden by all ſucceeding *Cenſors*.

Hunc talem ſpectate virum, imitamini virtutem.
Dunceſc.

Who

Who teach unpoliſh'd Monſters to declaim,
And ſervile Hearts to tremble at a Theme;
Where *Dread* and *Dulneſs* all their Force unite,
Where *you* give *Subjects*, and where *Freſhmen write*:
Who leaſt offends himſelf, ſhould cenſure moſt,
Our *Cenſor* ſeems the Object of his Poſt.

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 14. Who teach unpoliſh'd, *&c.* *Similiter fragmentum incerti Authoris:*

Ipſe rudis rudibus poſuit præcepta noviſtis.

Ver. 16, Where *Dread* and *Dulneſs*, &c. tho' no Animal is more ſluggiſh and deſpicable than an *Aſs*, yet nothing is more frightful than its braying. *Idem.*

Ver. 18. Who leaſt, *&c.* Directly oppoſite to this Rule of our Author, is the general Practice of the World. For the Ignorant and Vicious are evermore the moſt impertinent and cenſorious; and it is not doubted by the Learned, that the *Hero* of this *Poem*, for being well accompliſh'd in both theſe Reſpects, was, as *Milton* expreſſeth it, on a parallel Occaſion ——*

namely *Satan's* Election to the Cenſorſhip of *Tartarus*, *&c.* * advanc'd to that bad Eminence. *Heinſius.*

Ver. 19. Our *Cenſor* ſeems.

This may ſeem a piece of *Satire* on our *Cenſor*, but I muſt beg pardon, if I argue from an oppoſite Principle; 'tis the higheſt *Encomium* he could receive, ſince he ſacrifices his private to the publick Intereſt of a *Society*: This, as I take it, is the true Spirit of a Patriot, and a notable Imitation of *Cato*. I ſhall ſtrengthen this my Opinion with one Argument. Suppoſe my Neighbour were ſo extremely kind, as to weed my Garden, ſhall I quarrel with him for his good Office, becauſe at the ſame time his own is over-run with *Nettles* and *Thiſtles*? *Lipſius.*

To

To thinking Minds this honeſt Task ſhou'd fall,
But *G*— prates too much, to think at all:
Officious, fawning, frivolous and loud,
Awkardly Vain, and impotently Proud;
Partially ſtrict, and ſneakingly ſevere,
And fickle as the * Beaſt which lives on *Air*.
He can't judge right, for Triflers never can,
'Tis not the *Cauſe* that's odious, but the *Man*.
Great is the Task, and worthy of a Mind,
Imbu'd with *Virtue*, and by Wit refin'd,

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 21. But *Gr*—This Word hath occaſion'd ſeveral Conjectures; ſome imagine it to be *Griffith*, ſome *Griffin*, and others peremptorily affirm it to be a Name, too obvious to be mention'd. *Caſaubon.*

Ibid. But *Gr*—The Word *prates* is very ſignificantly apply'd by our Author: thus we ſay the *Parrot* prates, the *Magpye*, &c. *Similiter* λαλιστέραν κορώνης, *apud Anacreontem.* *Bentleius.*

Ver. 27. 'Tis not the Cauſe, &c. So that we may ſay, his Office becomes him, as the Armour of *Achilles* would *Therſites*, and on whom (according to Mr. *Young*)

It—Shines as *Trophies* on a Poſt. *Grævius.*

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* This *Periphraſis* ſignifies *a Camelion*:

Eſt Animal, quod mille duit diverſa colores
Aurai ſpecies. *Paccuvii frag.*

To

To point the Paths of *Piety* and *Truth*,
To curb the Sallies of licentious *Youth*:
At once endeavour to *inſtruct* and *pleaſe*,
Adviſe with *Candour*, and *correct* with Eaſe:
To ſuch a *Cenſor*, and in ſuch a *Cauſe*,
Whoſe good Example ratifies his *Laws*;
We give Attention, for Offence attone,
And make his Life the Standard of our own.
But when this Mimic *Ape*, with Aſpect ſour,
Exerts the Rigour of Tyrannic Pow'r;
We ſtart with generous Indignation back,
For who wou'd take the Potion of a Quack?

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 32. At once endeavour, &c. So *Horace*,

Aut prodeſſe volunt, aut delectare——
Aut ſimul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.

Et paulo poſt,

Omne tulit punctum, qui miſcuit utile dulci.

Ver. 37. & 40. And make his Life, &c. Our Author here, in the Characters of a good and bad *Cenſor*, concludes with two Epiphonemas, the one in the Affirmative, and t'other in the Negative, wherein he giveth us to underſtand, that Precept availeth but little, if it be not inforc'd by practical Precedent; and it muſt be confeſs'd, that unworthy Magiſtrates are, at beſt, but ſo many Burleſques on their Offices: far be it from me to reflect on the juſt and wiſe Body of Aldermen of this City; and farther yet be it from me to reflect on the right worſhipful *Cenſor* of *T. C.*

Faction he loves, tho' for its Tool design'd,
For this he'd ſtand the Teſt of all Mankind.
He hunts Reproach, lays Snares for Ridicule,
And takes uncommon Pains to play the fool;

ANNOTATIONS.

*Ver.*42. Faction he loves, *&c.* I would not have the Reader infer from this, that he interferes with the State *Arcana*. No, far be it from him to be ſuſpected for a *Politician*; it only relates to his Conduct in the Common-wealth of Learning, where the Superficial and Turbulent are (*cæteris paribus*) as dangerous as in the Body Politick, like Moles, which, tho' blind, are ever undermining, and *Snails* which touch nothing without leaving a Portion of their Slime on't. *Spondanus.*

*Ver.*43. For this he'd ſtand the Teſt, *&c.* The Word *Teſt* hath, with good Reaſon, given occaſion to various Conjectures; ſome imagine it ought to have been *Peſt*, and that the Line ſhou'd run thus,

In this he is the Peſt of all Mankind.

Alii vero ſic. In this he is the Jeſt of all Mankind. Reader, thou haſt variety, chuſe which thou wilt. *Scal.*

*Ver.*44. And takes uncommon Pains, *&c.* The Courteous Reader may perhaps accuſe the Poet of running here into the Improbable; but the following Story may, I think, ſuffice, to vindicate him from that Imputation.

The *Cenſor*, whilſt paying his Devoirs to a certain Nobleman, accidentally drop'd his *Handkerchief*, and ſtooping to take it up, in its ſtead, he *innocently* ſeizes his Patron's *Slipper*, and crams it into his Breaſt; and tho' immediately told of his Miſtake, cou'd ſcarce be convinc'd, that the *Slipper* was not really the *Handkerchief*.

Eaſy

Eaſy alike, if Zeal or Party's bad,
Or if he paſs for Popular or Mad.
Witneſs that glorious Night, when fluſh'd with Wine,
His Folly ſpurr'd him to a brave Deſign:
When Miſers dreaming, brood o'er hoarded Pelf,
And ev'ry *Hog* lay ſnoring, but *himſelf*. 51
Back'd

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 45. Eaſy alike, *&c.* From this inſenſibility of Temper in our HERO, it appears, that he eſpouſes the Stoic Sect of Philoſophers, to which the *Roman* Cenſor was ſo inviolably attach'd, tho' others affirm, his Principles are *Epicurean* from his daily Experiments of the *Air-Pump*, and his contending for a *Vacuum*. And laſtly, others are for making out, that he is a *Carteſian*, and that he *ſolidly* believes that to be a *Plenum* which all others take for a *Vacuum*. *Scal. jun.*

Ver. 48. When fluſh'd with Wine. As we have already, in other reſpects, compar'd him to *Cato*, the Parallel will hold good in this.

Dicitur & priſci Catonis
Sæpe mero caluiſſe virtus.

Ver. 49. His Folly, *&c.* This whole Epiſode is matter of Fact, and no poetical Fiction, as hath erroneouſly been held by ſome. From the Tenour of which, a very uſeful Moral may be drawn, *viz.* That all Magiſtrates inveſted with any civil Power, ſhould be well guarded when they are diſcharging the rigour of their Office. The circumſpect Mr. *Hawkins* was ſo well convinc'd of the Truth of this Aphoriſm, that he never went upon any publick Enterprize without his Train'd-band.

Ver. 50. When Miſers dreaming, *&c.* The Antients as well as Moderns, have been very copious in their

Back'd by one Vaſſal, thro' the mazy Gloom
He boldly ſtagger'd to a Scholar's Room;
Thrice knock'd with pond'rous Feet and Mutton Fiſts,
And thrice the bolted Door his Rage reſiſts:
At length he tries the Proweſs of his Pate,
And open flies the barricado'd Gate; For

ANNOTATIONS.

Deſcriptions of Night: Probably our Author had the following one of *Virgil* in view.

Nox erat & terras animalia feſſa per omnes
Alituum PECUDUMQUE genus ſopor altus habebat.

As Night and Chaos are repreſented by the Poets, to have been the Progenitors of Dullneſs and Stupidity, certainly our Author cou'd not have pointed out a fairer Scene of Action for his HERO, than that vacant Space of Time, when the more thoughtful Part of Mortals ſuſpend their Purſuits, and recruit their Spirits for the Buſineſs of the Day——*Voſſius.*

Ver. 52. Back'd by one Vaſſal. So *Virgil*,

——*Horrentibus umbris*
——*Ipſe uno graditur comitatus Achate.*

Ver. 54. Thrice knock'd, *&c.* So *Lucan*,

——*Bis terque manu, quaſſantia tectum,*
Limina commovit——

Ver. 56. At length he tries, *&c.* I can't well juſtify our Author in this, for he ſeems to attribute a degree of Reaſon and Reflection to the Cenſor; how much better had he deſcrib'd him according to *Horace*,

Iracundus, Inexorabilis,
Difficilis, Querulus, &c.

Ver. 57. And open flies, *&c.* Our Author in this hath ſhewn himſelf well vers'd in the Beauties of the

For what is Oak or Iron, but a Sham,
Againſt the Force of ſuch a batt'ring Ram?
The Cenſor enters—— and about he flings
The injur'd Glaſſes, and the Chamber rings.
See *Locke* and *Clarke* in Floods of Liquor ſwim,
He ſeiz'd the Scholar, and the Scholar him;
Off fly their Wings, they give alternate Cuffs,
The *Scholar labours*, and the *Cenſor puffs*.

This

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the Claſſicks; for it is obſervable, that all the Epic Writers, when they ſtudy'd to exalt the Characters of their Heroes, deſcrib'd them breaking Gates and burſting open Doors: Thus *Homer* (Iliad 12.) magnifies *Hector* for breaking the Gate of the *Grecian* Wall with the Fragment of a Rock; *Milton* aggrandizes the Courage of *Satan*, by deſcribing him breaking open Hell Gates; and the Author of *Hudibras*, to exalt the Character of *Magnano*, repreſents him indeed like our HERO, coming off with the worſt in his Encounter, but ſeems to think him ſufficiently extoll'd in the other part of the Deſcription.

——The brave *Magnano* came,
Magnano great in Martial Fame;
But when with *Orſin* he wag'd Fight,
'Tis ſung, he got but little by't.
Yet Doors were feeble to reſiſt
The Fury of his armed Fiſt.

Ver. 65. The Cenſor puffs. So *Virgil*,

Vaſtos quatit æger anhelitus artus.

Though much it irketh me to accuſe our Author of *Plagiariſm*; yet Reader, perceiveſt thou not, that the following Deſcription is purloin'd from a Paſſage in the fifth *Æneid* of *Virgil*, where *Dares* and *Entellus* are contending at Whirlbats? Albeit, we muſt allow the Application to be meet enough.

This on Activity and Youth relies,
In Martial Spirit greater, leſs in Size:
Not ſo the Cenſor; the dull heavy Hulk
Chiefly depends on his enormous Bulk:
But as he moves his Body in a Heat,
His Joints relax beneath th' unwieldy Weight.
Bloodleſs they yet contend with many Bumps,
Their hollow Sides repeat the heavy Thumps;
And now their Nails indent Heroic Scars,
They tug and lengthen one another's Ears:
With formidable Hands they lay around
Repeated Wounds, at each repeated Wound
Their Heads are dizzy'd, and their Cheeks reſound.

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Ille, pedum melior motu, fretuſq; juventâ:
Hic membris & mole valens; ſed tarda trahenti
Genua labant——————

Multa viri nequidquam inter ſe vulnera jactant,
Multa cavo lateri ingeminant & pectore vaſtos
Dant Sonitus, erratq; aures & tempora circum
Crebra manus: duro crepitant ſub vulnere malæ.

Stat gravis Entellus, &c.
Oſtendit dextram inſurgens——*& alte*
Extulit: ille ictum venientem à vertice velox
Prævidit, celerique elapſus corpore ceſſit.
Entellus vires in ventum effudit, & ultro
Ipſe gravis, graviterq; ad terram pondere vaſto
Concidit————— Dunceſe.

Ye

Yet lo! unmov'd the Mighty Cenſor ſtands,
Shakes off the Foe, and weighs his potent Hands;
The feebler Foe, as when with fatal Knocks,
The Butcher's bent to kill the ſtately Ox;
The Cenſor views in Majeſty of Fat,
And tries, with Inſult vain, this way and that.
Aloft his weighty Hand the Cenſor lifts,
And bravely charges——but the Scholar ſhifts;
The yielding Air receiv'd the Cenſor's Strength,
And down he fell——a huge unwieldy Length!
Then, oh! what Scenes of Gallantry and Blood,
What noble Theme for Poets had enſu'd;
Had not pacific Dulneſs, all unſeen,
Ruſh'd in a Freſhman's Habitude between;
Anxious to ſave her genuine Offspring's Life,
And put a Period to the doubtful Strife?
Him ſtraight the Goddeſs to his Room convey'd,
And in a downy Bed ſupinely laid;

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Ver. 91. Had not pacific Dulneſs—The Interpoſition of Deities is frequently us'd by *Homer* and other Epic Writers; from many Inſtances, take the following out of the 21ſt Iliad, where *Apollo* reſcues his Favourite *Agenor* from the Violence of *Pelides*.

——Οὐδὲ τίασσεν Ἀπόλλων Κυδος ἀρείθων
Ἀλλα μὶν ἐξήρπαξε, κάλυψε δ' ἀρ ἠέρι πολλῇ.

Then

Then gently round his conſecrated Head,
A miſty Cloud of drowſy Vapours ſhed.
To ſooth his Dolours with Nutation bland,
Thrice o'er his Temples ſhook the Magic Wand;
Thrice ſweetly humm'd, to lullaby his Pain,
Pambaicks ſoft——*a ſleep-creating* Strain!
And thrice her Parent Breath with his commix'd,
And his dim Eyes in leaden Slumber fix'd.

But

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Ver. 101. Thrice o'er his Temples. The Goddeſs is here introduc'd with all ſuitable Pomp and Solemnity, who, at the ſame time ſhe diſplays her Divinity, ſhews all the tender care and concern of a Parent: to mitigate his late Misfortune, ſhe breathes her Influence on him; ſhe lulls him aſleep. The Goddeſs of Wiſdom herſelf cou'd do no more to her Favourite *Penelope* in her Afflictions,

——ὀι ὄπνον,
Ἡδὺν ὑπὸ βλεφάροισι βάλε γλαυκῶπις Ἀθήνη.

Certain it is, that nothing can give greater Ornaments to Poetry than this Figure, when well wrought and aptly apply'd—*Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus*——*inciderit*——It muſt be a Matter of the laſt Importance, that demands the Preſence of a Deity. So that, with the ſame poetical Juſtice wherewith the *God* of *Wit* preſerv'd his *Votary*, the *Goddeſs* of *Dulneſs* preſerv'd hers. *Gronovius.*

Ver. 103. Pambaicks ſoft. A peculiar and inoffenſive kind of things ſo nominated from their ſoft and ſimple-meaning Author *Namby Pamby*. By the Criticks dignified with the Titles of the Infantine, the Finical, the See-Saw, &c. and which, to uſe his own eaſy Dialect,

Readers

But let the Cenſor's Folly be his Guide,
Since this is all that can ſupport his Pride;
In ev'ry Scrape his Politicks muſt run,
And where his Schemes do nothing—nothing's done:
When daring Faults call haſty Vengeance down,
Preſumptuous Sins, too big for Half-a-Crown;
Then gentle *R*——, ſtupidly complains,
Whoſe Conſcience ſo much overweighs his Brains.

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Readers abſolutely keep
Awake——or kindly lull aſleep. *Didymus.*

* *
* *
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* *

Hiatus in M. S. valde deflendus.

As to the lamentable Chaſm in the M. S. Commentators are ſtrangely divided; ſome tell us we have loſt about thirty or forty Lines, for which little or no account can be given; others are of Opinion, the Poem reach'd no farther, and that what Lines follow are but a ſpurious Supplement, a Practice too notorious among ſome Scholiaſts! For my part, I ſhall not pretend to be deciſive, but this I can affirm, that I have deliver'd it to the World, as I found it in a M. S. of the *Grubſtreet Vatican*, which is reckon'd the moſt ancient now extant. *Fabet.*

Ver. 111. Then gentle *R*——, ſtupidly. I have ſeen an old M. S. wherein, for *ſtupidly*, is written, *heavily*; and it is more than probable, the former hath been foiſted in, either thro' the Inadvertence or Conceit of the Tranſcriber; becauſe, *Heavy Complaints* hath been an old Mode of Speech, not but that both may be equally applicable to the Perſon.

But

But *Gr*——— ſighs to ſee a Crime ſo large,
For none but paltry Sinners are his Charge.
Yet grins and leers, at leaſt, to ſhew his Zeal,
Impertinence ſucceeds, tho' Power may fail.
He ſhall tell Tales, work Infamy more warm,
Inlarge, invent, *think Nonſenſe*——then inform.
If by the Looks the inmoſt Soul we trace,
Who cannot read his Dulneſs in his Face?
Well does *Grimace* his Sentiments befit,
His *Smiles* are *Commentators* on his Wit.

Sar-

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 118. Think Nonſenſe. A vulgar Author here wou'd have ſaid, ſpeak Nonſenſe (as I have ſeen it in one of the ſurreptitious Editions of this Poem) but better knew our Poet to penetrate into the Medullar cauſes of things; for, methinks there is a wide difference between one that thinks, and one that only ſpeaks Nonſenſe: a wiſe Man, *per lapſum linguæ*, may throw out Nonſenſe; but to think Nonſenſe, is a peculiar Gift, a Talent not to be acquired by Art, and as I may ſay, implanted on the Minds of ſome of the Favourites of Nature herſelf, who are therefore called Naturals.

Ver. 121. Well does *Grimace*, &c. The Doctrine of Phyſiognomy is what hath been always maintained, whence the *Latin Adage, Vultus eſt index animi*, is daily quoted; and certain it is, that the Countenance of a *Felon* at the Bar has often been the ſtrongeſt Evidence againſt him. 'Tis from this received Opinion, that *Dryden*, in his Fable of *Cymon* and *Iphigenia* has introduced the former Witneſſing——*his Wonder with an Idiot Laugh*. And we find that *Homer*,

Sardonic *Smiles* diſtort his hideous *Jaws*,
Senſeleſs he jeſts, and laughs without a Cauſe.
In vain *Democritus* he wou'd appear
With not one ſign of Wiſdom—but the Sneer.
But much I grieve your Errors to expoſe,
To pawn Advice in Verſe, for Faults in Proſe;
Can you renounce thoſe Follies all deſpiſe,
Will future Ages ſay, *you once were wiſe?*
Sooner ſhall ſcribling * *Coffey* ſue for Grace,
Or dull † *Arbuckle*'s weekly Labours ceaſe:
Sooner ſhall —— out-ſhine a Barber's Block,
—— riſe at ſix, and —— think like *Locke*.
Yet with unhallow'd Feet, in endleſs round,
You boldly treſpaſs on Poetick Ground;
Profane the Flowers, and pollute the Strain
Of *Homer*, *Horace*, and the *Mantuan Swain*:

ANNOTATIONS.

mer, to expreſs Impudence, has uſed the Epithet, Κυνικὸς. How far theſe Remarks may be applicable to the *Cenſor*'s Circumſtances, is beſt known to thoſe that have had Eyes to ſee, and Ears to hear him.

Ver. 123. *Sardonic Smiles.* Hear *Servius* upon this. *In* Sardinia *naſcitur quædam herba, quæ* Sardoa *dicitur: hæc commeſa ora hominum rictus dolore contrahit, & quaſi ridentes interimit: unde vulgo* Σαρδόνιος γέλως.

* † *Two notorious Scriblers; one as remarkable for bad Verſe, as the other for bad Proſe.* Ver. 118.

Loſt to Reproof, tho *Pallas* ſhakes her Spear,
And * *Phœbus* often threats to pull thy Ear.
As when a ſluggiſh *Aſs*, whom Hunger leads
To Fields of bladed Corn, or verdant Meads;
Feeds on, nor values the collected Noiſe
Of *Peaſants*, *Maſtiffs*, *Curs*, and *Village-Boys*:
They wave their Clubs, and plentifully pour,
Faſt on his groaning Sides a wooden Show'r:
Yet *he*, tho' much he bears, and much he bleeds,
Mocks their united Rage, and *bears*, and *feeds*.
But know, O thou! of undiſcerning *Head*,
With Front of *Braſs*, and Intellects of *Lead*;
Not all the Time you ſquander to explore,
Thro' dark *Meanders*, *Nature*'s Myſtic Store;

Nor

ANNOTATIONS.

* So *Virgil*——*Mihi Cynthius aurem*
Vellit——

As when a ſluggiſh *Aſs*, &c. doubtleſs our Author had the following Simile of *Homer*'s in view, where the paſſive Courage of *Ajax* is liken'd unto that of an *Aſs*; yet verily, it is much more happily apply'd to our Hero.

Ως δ' ὅτ' ὄνος παρ' ἄρουραν ἰὼν ἐξήσατο παῖδας
Νωθὴς, ὦ δὴ πολλὰ περὶ ῥάπαι ἀμφὶς ἄγηι
Κείρει τ' εἰσελθὼν βαθὺ λήϊον· οἱ δέ τε παῖδες
Τύπτουσιν ῥοπάλοισι· βίη δέ τε γηπίη αὐτῶν,
Στυδὴ τ' ἐξήλασσαν, ἐπεὶ τ' ἐκορέσσατο Φορβῆς.

Iliad 11. *Leunclavius.*

Ver. 151. Not all the time you ſquander, *&c. tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva*—ſaith *Horace*; and yet how

Nor *Globe*, nor *Glaſs*, nor any *Inſtrument*
That * *Senex* forms, or *Helſham* can invent:
Not all thy buſy Schemes, and ſage Device
Of reading *Books*, and ſuffocating *Mice*,
Can make thy Learning, or thy Senſe extend
Beyond thy old, *Id Velim*, in the end.

ANNOTATIONS.

how frequently do we obſerve this Precept tranſgreſs'd, to the great Detriment of Society, whoſe Intereſt terminates in a proper Application of the Talents of its ſeveral Members? 'Tis from this Infringement upon Nature, that the Publick is often depriv'd of good *Coblers*, jolly *Tinkers*, full-fed *Aldermen*, luſty *Dray-men*, and able *Butchers*: is it not a Matter of daily Experience, that ſome, by peruſing Books, abuſe them, when they might have been better employ'd in binding them for the uſe of others? This Miſapplication of Parts is well expreſs'd in a *Paſquinade* which was fix'd to the *Cenſor's* Door.

Lambinus.

A Curſe on him that ſent thee firſt to School,
He ſpoil'd a *Plow-man*, to improve a *Fool.*

——*tellus inarata quieſcit.*——Vir.——
——*Deſunt quæ manus poſcentibus arvis.*——Luc.——

Ver. 156. Suffocating *Mice*, &c. among the various Entertainments of the *Cenſor's*, the choaking *Mice* in an Air-pump is no inconſiderable one.

* *A celebrated Mathematical Inſtrument-Maker in London.*

So have I ſeen upon a Sign diſplay'd,
Aloft in Air, a *Horſe* with *Wings* array'd;
Which (as Sir *Toby* ſaid) appear'd to prance
Progreſſive ſtill, but never cou'd advance:
And yet ſome good we boaſt, ſome Learned Few,
Such as *Old Athens* wou'd not bluſh to view;
And ye uninfluenc'd Few, whoſe candid Hearts
Diſdain the Practice of inglorious Arts;
Who thro' the Paths of Virtue follow Praiſe,
And value Merit in the worſt of Days:
Who view with mournful, but indignant Eyes,
The *Coxcomb* triumph, and the *Blockhead* riſe;
Who bluſh to think, that *Alma* ſhou'd advance
A *Dolt* from *Eng——d*, or an *Ape* from *France*:

ANNOTATIONS.

Ver. 159. So have I ſeen, *&c.* reſembling this, is the Simile illuſtrating the Character of *Sidrophel* in *Hudibras*, but with greater Juſtice, applicable to the *Cenſor*.

——— He, as a Dog that turns the Spit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his Feet
To climb the Wheel, but all in vain,
His own Weight drags him down again,
And ſtill is in the ſelf-ſame Place,
Where at his ſetting out he was, *&c. Hudibras.*

Gronovius.

While

While old *Ierne*'s Progeny bewail
Her Genius languiſh in the lighter Scale;
Forgive my *Satyr*, and indulge my Spleen,
So may your Fame be ſafe, your Laurels green;
Tho' bad the Numbers are, the *Satyr*'s juſt;
You can't deny one Line, and yet——I muſt.

Variæ Lectiones,

Excerptæ ex eruditiſſimis Commentariis Ric. Bentleii, Lud. Theobaldi, Nec non Leonardi Welſtedii.

Ver. 14, 15. Who teach unpoliſh'd Monſters to declaim,
And ſervile Hearts to tremble at a Theme.

I have ſeen this in an old Manuſcript, written thus,

Who teach unfledged Monſters to declaim,
And ſervile Hearts to tremble at a Name.

Unfledg'd! Barbarous! Gothick! Improper! being only peculiar to *Fowl!* I ſhou'd rather conclude, *Rude* was the Original Epithet, but that a Monoſyllable wou'd not anſwer the Meaſure of the Verſe; but trembling at a Name in the ſubſequent Line, is entirely ſpurious aud vernacular. *Bentleius.*

Ver. 25. And fickle as the Beaſt, *&c.* I have read it in the *Grub-ſtreet* Manuſcripts thus, *Thoughtfully dull, and rudely inſincere:* But this we thought proper not to preſerve, it ſeeming admitted more for its Verity than the Beauty of the Verſification. *Welſtedius.*

Ver. 29. For *Imbu'd*, lege *Indu'd* or *Endu'd*. *Theobaldus.*

Ver. 31. To curb the Sallies, *&c.* I have ſeen Crub for Curb in a certain Copy, but this is an Error too obvious to be overſeen by any Reader of tolerable Underſtanding. *Bent.*

Ver. 44. ——————lays Snares for Redicule, *&c.* Redicule! Kakography! an Error of the laſt Concoction! this muſt have been a Blunder of the Editors,

tors. Blot out that (*e*) boldly, and ſupply it with (*i*).
Theobs.

Ver. 53. He boldly ſtagger'd, &c. in an antient Edition is written, ſwagger'd, which appears to be more correſpondent to the Cenſor's Perſon, were he not in Liquor. *Welſtedius.*

Ver. 99, 100. To ſooth his Dolors with Nutation bland,
Thrice o'er his Temples ſhook her Magick (Wand.

I ſhall only offer, in this Place, a conjectural Emendation, which ſeems not unnatural.

To ſooth his Sorrows with Lethargick Nod,
Thrice o'er his Temples ſhook her Magick Rod.
Theobaldus.

Ver. 132.—dull *Arbuckle*'s weekly Labours ceaſe, &c. All the Copies amazingly diſagree in the different Lections of this Line; in ſome it is weekly *Tribunes*, in others weekly *Nonſenſe*, in others weekly *Journals*; but methinks, the Word *Labours* implies all the Degrees and Kinds of bad Writing, for which this Author daily diſtinguiſhes himſelf.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WE muſt acquaint the Publick, that as this Edition was juſt perfected, we received a curious Collection of Notes, which we promiſe faithfully to inſert in the next Edition, and hope the ingenious Author will not impute it either to our Neglect or Contempt of his Performance, that the World is not now favour'd with them; however, to ſhew the juſt Eſteem the preſent *Commentators* have for them, they thought proper to let the Curious know, they are to be introduc'd with the following Motto:

———————*Nec deficit alter*
Aureus, & ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo.
Virg.

MUSEUM

A LIBEL *on Dr.* D———y, *And a Certain Great* LORD.

DEluded Mortals, whom the *Great*
Chuſe for Companions *tête à tête*;
Who at their Dinner, *en famille*,
Get leave to ſit whene'er you will:
Then, boaſting, tell us where you dine'd,
And how his *Lordſhip* was ſo kind;
How many pleaſant Things he ſpokt,
And how you *laugh'd* at ev'ry *Joke:*
Swear, he's a moſt facetious Man,
That you and he are *Cup* and *Can.*
You travel with a heavy Load,
And quite miſtake *Preferment*'s Road.
Suppoſe my *Lord* and you alone,
Hint the leaſt Int'reſt of your own;
His Viſage drops, he knits his Brow,
He cannot talk of Bus'neſs now:
Or mention but a vacant *Poſt*,
He'll turn it off with, *Name your Toaſt.*
Nor could the niceſt Artiſt paint
A Countenance with more Conſtraint.

For, as their Appetites to quench,
Lords keep a Pimp to bring a Wench;
So, Men of Wit are but a kind
Of Pandars to a vicious Mind;
Who proper Objects muſt provide,
To gratify their Luſt of Pride:
When weary'd with Intrigues of State,
They find an idle Hour to prate.
Then, ſhou'd you dare to ask a *Place*,
You forfeit all your *Patron*'s Grace,
And diſappoint the ſole Deſign,
For which he ſummon'd you to *dine*.
Thus, *Congreve* ſpent in writing Plays,
And one poor Office, half his Days;
While *Montague*, who claim'd the Station,
To be *Mecænas* of the Nation:
For Poets open Table kept,
But ne'er conſider'd where they ſlept.
Himſelf, as rich as fifty *Jews*,
Was eaſy, though they wanted Shoes;
And crazy *Congreve* ſcarce cou'd ſpare
A Shilling to diſcharge his Chair;
Till Prudence taught him to appeal,
From *Pæan*'s Fire to *Party* Zeal:
Not owing to his happy Vein,
The Fortunes of his latter Scene,

Took

Took proper *Principles* to thrive,
And ſo might ev'ry *Dunce* alive.
Thus *Steele*, who own'd what others writ,
And flouriſh'd by imputed Wit;
From lodging in a hundred Jayls,
Was left to ſtarve, and die in *Wales*.
Thus *Gay*, the *Hare* with many Friends,
Twice ſeven long Years the *Court* attends;
Who, under Tales conveying Truth,
To Virtue form'd a *Princely* Youth;
Who paid his Courtſhip with the Crowd,
As far as *Modeſt Pride* allow'd;
Rejects a ſervile *Uſher*'s Place,
And leaves *St. James's* in diſgrace.
Thus *Addiſon*, by Lords careſt,
Was left in foreign Lands diſtreſt;
Forgot at home, became for Hire,
A trav'ling Tutor to a *'Squire*:
But wiſely left the *Muſes* Hill,
To Bus'neſs ſhape'd the *Poet*'s Quill:
Let all his barren Laurels fade,
Took up himſelf the *Courtier*'s Trade;
And grown a *Miniſter of State*,
Saw Poets at his Levee wait.
Hail! happy *Pope*, whoſe gen'rous Mind,
Deteſting all the Stateſman kind;

Contemning *Courts*, at *Courts* unſeen,
Refus'd the Viſits of a Queen:
A Soul with ev'ry Virtue fraught,
By *Sages*, *Prieſts*, or *Poets* taught;
Whoſe filial Piety excels
Whatever *Grecian* Story tells,
A Genius for all Stations fit,
Whoſe *meaneſt Talent* is his *Wit*:
His Heart too great, tho' Fortune little,
To lick a *Raſcal Stateſman*'s Spittle.
Appealing to the Nation's Taſte,
Above the Reach of Want is place'd,
By *Homer*, dead, was taught to thrive,
Which *Homer* never cou'd alive;
And ſits aloft on *Pindus*' Head,
Deſpiſing *Slaves* that *cringe* for Bread.
True *Politicians* only pay,
For ſolid Work, but not for Play;
Nor ever chuſe to work with Tools,
Forg'd up in *Colleges* and *Schools*.
Conſider how much more is due
To all their *Journey-men*, than you.
At table you can *Horace* quote;
They at a pinch can bribe a Vote:
You ſhew your Skill in *Grecian* Story,
But they can manage *Whig* and *Tory*.

You,

You, as a *Critick*, are ſo curious,
To find a Verſe in *Virgil* ſpurious:
But they can *ſmoke* the deep Deſigns,
When *Bolingbroke* with *Pult'ney* dines.
Beſides, your Patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a Place already;
An Office for your Talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and ſhew your Wit;
To ſnuff the Lights, and ſtir the Fire,
And get a *Dinner* for your Hire.
What Claim have you to *Place* or *Penſion?*
He over-pays in Condeſcenſion.
But, Rev'rend *Doctor*, you, we know,
Cou'd never condeſcend ſo low.
The *Vice-Roy*, whom you now attend,
Wou'd, if he durſt, be more your Friend;
Nor will in you thoſe Gifts deſpiſe,
By which himſelf was taught to riſe.
When he has Virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raiſe you higher,
And place you in a better Station,
Although it might have pleas'd the Nation.
This may be true——ſubmitting ſtill
To *W*——'s more than R——l Will.
And what Condition can be worſe?
He comes to *drain* a *Beggar's Purſe:*

He

He comes to tye our Chains on faſter,
And ſhews us *E*—— is our Maſter.
Careſſing Knaves, and Dunces wooing,
To make them work their own Undoing.
What has he elſe to bait his Traps,
Or bring his *Vermin* in, but *Scraps?*
The Offals of a *Church* diſtreſt,
A hungry *Vicaridge*, at beſt;
Or ſome remote inferior *Poſt*,
With forty Pounds a Year, at moſt.
But, here again you interpoſe,
Your fav'rite *Lord* is none of thoſe,
Who owe their Virtues to their Stations,
And Characters to Dedications:
For keep him in, or turn him out,
His *Learning* none will call in doubt:
His *Learning*, though a *Poet* ſaid it
Before a Play, wou'd loſe no Credit:
Nor POPE wou'd dare deny him Wit,
Altho' to praiſe it PHILIPS writ.
I own, he hates an Action baſe,
His *Virtues* battling with his *Place*;
Nor wants a nice diſcerning Spirit,
Betwixt a true and ſpurious Merit;
Can ſometimes drop a *Voter*'s Claim,
And give up Party to his Fame.

I do the moſt that *Friendſhip* can,
I hate the *Vice-Roy*, love the Man.
But you, who, till your Fortune's made,
Muſt be a Sweet'ner by your Trade;
Shou'd ſwear he never meant us ill,
We ſuffer ſore againſt his Will:
That if we cou'd but ſee his Heart,
He wou'd have choſe a milder Part:
We rather ſhou'd lament his Caſe,
Who muſt obey, or loſe his *Place*.
Since this Reflection ſlipt your Pen,
Inſert it when you write agen;
And, to illuſtrate it, produce
This *Simile* for his Excuſe.
" So to deſtroy a guilty Land,
" An *Angel* ſent by *Heaven*'s Command,
" While he obeys *Almighty* Will,
" Perhaps, may feel *Compaſſion* ſtill,
" And wiſh the Task had been aſſign'd
" To *Spirits* of leſs gentle kind."
But I, in *Politicks* grown old,
Whoſe Thoughts are of a diff'rent Mold;
Who, from my Soul, ſincerely hate
Both——and *Miniſters of State*,
Who look on *Courts* with ſtricter Eyes,
To ſee the Seeds of *Vice* ariſe;

Can lend you an Alluſion fitter,
Tho' *flatt'ring Knaves* may call it *bitter:*
Which, if you durſt but give it place,
Wou'd ſhew you many a *Stateſman's* Face.
Freſh from the *Tripod* of *Apollo*,
I had it in the Words that follow:
(Take notice, to avoid Offence,
I here except *His Excellence.*)
So, to effect his *M*——*b*'s Ends.
From *Hell* a *V*— DEV'L aſcends;
His *Budget* with *Corruptions* cramm'd,
The Contributions of the *Damn'd*;
Which, with unſparing Hand, he ſtrows
Thro' *Courts* and *Senates* as he goes.
And then at *Belzebub*'s *Black-Hall*,
Complains his *Budget* was too ſmall.
Your *Simile* may better ſhine
In Verſe; but there is Truth in mine:
For no imaginable Things
Can differ more than GOD and——
And *Stateſmen* by ten thouſand odds,
Are ANGELS, juſt as —— are GODS.

BRITISH MUSEUM 7 DE 71

F I N I S.